

# The Mirror

OF

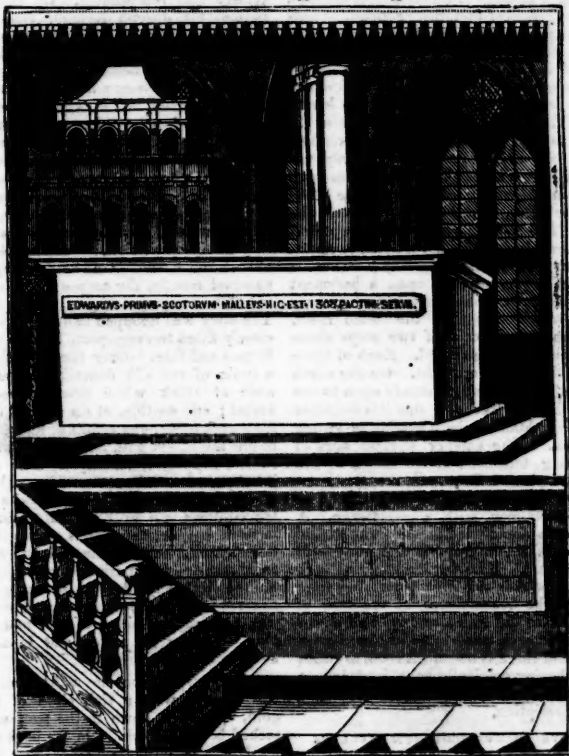
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 848.]

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[PRICE 2d.]

## Tombs of the Kings of England :



TOMB OF EDWARD I., IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THIS unadorned memorial of "the English Justinian" and warrior King, is built in the form of an altar-table, and stands at the end of the north side of the Confessor's Chapel, beyond the western pillar, at the head of the tomb of Edward's father, Henry III. ;\* from

\* Engraved at page 17 of the present volume. For the convenience of persons wishing to possess the Numbers of our Miscellany, containing Engravings and Details of the Tombs of the Kings of England, a list of them is subjoined :

William I.	-	No. 635, vol. xxii.
II.	-	No. 657, vol. xxiii.
Henry I.	-	No. 839, vol. xxix.
Stephen	-	
Henry II.	-	No. 833, vol. xxix.
Richard I.	-	
John	-	No. 840, vol. xxix.
Henry III.	-	No. 843, vol. xxx.
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which it is separated by the staircase and entrance, leading from the ambulatory into the Chapel.

Edward I. was born at Winchester, 1239, and succeeded to the crown by the death of his father in 1272. In 1254, he was married at Bures, in Spain, to Eleanor, daughter of Ferdinand III., King of Castile, and only child of his second wife, Joan, daughter and heiress of John, Earl of Ponthieu.

After an important reign of thirty-nine years, Edward died on the road to battle, at Burgh, in the Sands, near Carlisle, on the 7th of July, 1307, and was buried as above. There exists an interesting letter from one of the retainers of Hugh, Baron Neville, respecting the removal of the King's

corpse from Burgh in the Sands to Westminster, and stating that Anthony Bek, Bishop of Durham, Patriarch of Jerusalem, the Earl of Lincoln, and other peers, having performed homage to Edward II. at Carlisle, had accompanied him into Scotland. This letter is preserved among the records in the duchy of Lancaster, and has only been printed in Sir Harris Nicolas's valuable *Chronology of History*.\*

The tomb of King Edward is in length 9 ft. 7 in.; in height, from the floor of the chapel to the upper edge of the cover-stone, 3 ft. 7 in.; and is composed of only five slabs of Purbeck marble, each of them three inches in thickness. Two of these slabs form the sides, two the ends, and one the cover. The tomb is quite plain, except that the under edge of the cover-stone is chamfered, or sloped off diagonally towards its upper edge; it is raised upon a basement of freestone, which extending every way nearly two feet beyond the tomb itself, forms an ascent to it of two steps above the pavement of the chapel. Each of these steps is six inches in height. On the south side, and at each end, it stands open to the chapel. But on the north side it is defended from the ambulatory by a grating of strong iron-work. The smaller upright bars of this grating, terminate at the height of five feet, in a *flour-de-lis*; and the two standards, or end bars, finish in a small busto of an elderly man, with a long visage. A like busto is also placed in the front part of the frame of the baldoquin, or canopy built over the tomb. The workmanship of each of these bustos is very rude; yet they have so much the resemblance of the face of King Edward the First, as exhibited on his coins, broad seal, and statue at Caernarvon Castle, that there is not much room to doubt of their having originally been intended to represent that monarch.

#### The Inscription,

EDWARDVS PRIMVS SCOTORVM MALLEVS  
NIC EST. PACTVM SERVA. 1308.

mentioned by several historians, as being placed on the north side of the tomb, is now greatly defaced, but not so much as to render it altogether illegible.†

In Rymer's *Fœdera*, this renowned monarch, surnamed Longshanks, is stated to have been interred in a stone coffin, inclosed in a tomb, in the Chapel of the Confessor, and to have been inclosed in wax, a sum of money being allowed to preserve the tomb. The minuteness of the record stimulated the Society of Antiquaries to apply to Dr. Thomas, Dean of Westminster, for leave to have the tomb opened, and the request

being complied with, in May, 1770, the Dean, with about fifteen of the Fellows of the Society, attended, when, to their high gratification, they found the royal corpse as Rymer had represented. Of this examination, Sir Joseph Ayloffe, Bart., whom Pennant calls "an able and worthy antiquary," has recorded many particulars, their substance being as follows:—"The writs *de cerâ renovandâ circa corpus regis Edwardi primi* being extant, gave rise to this search.‡ On lifting up the lid of the tomb, the royal body was found wrapped in a strong, thick, linen cloth, waxed on the inside: the head and face were covered with a *sudarium*, or face-cloth, of crimson sarcenet, wrapped into three folds, conformable to the napkin used by our Saviour in his way to his crucifixion, as we are told by the church of Rome. On flinging open the external mantle, the corpse was discovered in all the ensigns of Majesty, richly habited. The body was wrapped in a fine cere-cloth,§ closely fitted to every part, even to the very fingers and face. Over the cere-cloth was a tunic of red silk damask; above that a stole of thick white tissue crossed the breast; and on this, at six inches' distance from each other, quatrefoils of filigree-work, of gilt metal, set with false stones, imitating rubies, sapphires, amethysts, &c.; and the intervals between the quatrefoils on the stole, were powdered with minute white beads, tacked down in a most elegant embroidery, in form not unlike what is called the true lover's knot. Above these habits was the royal mantle of rich crimson satin, fastened on the left shoulder with a magnificent *fibula*, of gilt metal, richly chased, and ornamented with four pieces of red, and four of blue, transparent paste, and twenty-four more pearls.

"The corpse, from the waist downwards, was covered with a rich cloth of figured gold, which fell down to the feet, and was tacked beneath them. On the back of each hand was a quatrefoil like those on the stole. In the King's right hand was a sceptre, with a cross of copper gilt, and of elegant workmanship, reaching to the right shoulder. In the left hand was the rod and dove, which passed over the shoulder and reached his ear. The dove stood on a ball placed on three ranges of oak leaves of enamelled green; the dove, white enamel.

† Archæologia, III. 376, 398, 399. Similar writs were issued on account of Edward III., Richard II., and Henry IV. A search of the same nature took place on account of Charles I., but without the issuing of such a writ: a simple exercise of the royal authority being deemed sufficient.

‡ The use of the cere-cloth is continued in our days: in the instance of George II. the two sergeant-surgeons had 12*l.* 8*s.* 9*d.* each for opening and embalming; and the apothecary 15*l.* for a fine, double cere-cloth, and a due quantity of rich perfumed powders.

\* Lardner's Cyclopædia, vol. xlv.

† The date of the inscription, 1308, is undoubtedly an error: "all authorities," says Sir Harris Nicolas, "agree as to the date of Edward I.'s death."

On the head was a crown charged with trefoils made of gilt metal.\*

The head was lodged in a cavity of the stone coffin, always observable in those receptacles of the dead.

The *Archæologia* gives many other minute particulars of the dress of the royal corpse. It was habited in conformity to ancient usage, even as early as the time of the Saxon Sebert.

There were two circumstances observed on the opening of this tomb, which, by their importance, show the value of such researches beyond the mere gratification of curiosity.

"The shape and form of the crown, sceptre, and fibula, and the manner in which the latter is fixed to the mantle, or chlamys, exactly correspond with the representation of those on the broad seal of that king, as exhibited by Sandford, in his *Genealogical History of the Kings and Queens in England*.

"On measuring the body by a rod, graduated into inches, divided into quarters, it appeared to be exactly six feet and two inches in length,—so that, although we may, with some degree of propriety, adopt the ideas of those historians who tell us, that the king was taller than the generality of men, yet we can no longer credit those who assert, that he was taller by the head than any other man of his time. How far the appellation of Longshanks, usually given to him, was properly applicable, cannot be ascertained, since the length of the tibia could not be truly measured, and compared with that of the femora, without removing the vestments, and thereby incurring a risk of doing injury to the corpse.

"It hath been conjectured, that he obtained the nickname of Longshanks, from a manifest disproportion in the length of his thighs and legs, to that of his body. But, on inspection of the corpse, so far as could be done without removing the robes, no such disproportion was observable. Perhaps, therefore, we may not deviate from truth, should we suppose, with Mr. Sandford, that such appellation was given to him on account of the height of his stature, and not from any extravagant length either of his thighs or legs.

"There is still preserved in Westminster Abbey, among the figures that compose what is called the ragged regiment, the effigy which, according to the custom of ancient times, lay upon Edward the First's coffin, during the funeral procession and exequies; and which figure, in all likelihood, was afterwards placed on his tomb, and there continued a considerable time: for Peter Langtoft, who did not survive that

monarch above six years, speaking of his death and burial, says,

\* From Waltham before-said to Westminster thol  
him brough,  
Besides his fadre he is laid in a tomb well wrought  
Of marble is the stone, and putried there he lies."

Upon the tomb is a lengthy and quaint inscription in Latin, and in English as follows :—

- "Death is too doleful which doth join  
The highest state full low:  
Which couplest greatest Things with least  
And last with first also.
- "No Man hath been in World alive,  
Nor any may there be,  
Which can escape the Dist of Death,  
Needs hence depart must We.
- "O Noble and Victorious Man,  
Trust not unto thy Strength;  
For all are subject unto Death,  
And all must hence at length.
- "Most cruel Fate from Worldly Stage  
Hath wrest a worthy Wight,  
For whom all England mourned loud  
To see his doleful Plight.
- "EDWARD is dead, which was adorn'd  
With divers Graces here;  
A King, or flagrant Nardus Heigh,  
A gracious Princely Peer.
- "In Heart the which was *Lighard* like,  
Right puissant, void of Fear,  
Most slow to Strife, discreet and wise,  
And gracious every where.
- "In Arms a Giant fierce and fell  
Attempting famous Feats,  
Most prudent, did subdue the proud,  
By Feat of Martial Acts.
- "In Flanders Fortune gave to him  
By Lot right good Success:  
In Wales he wan, the Scottish Rou  
With Arms he did suppress.
- "This King without his like alive  
Did firmly guide his Land,  
And what good Nature could conceive,  
He had it plight at Hand.
- "He was in Justice, and in Peace,  
Excelling: Laws took place,  
Desire to chase all wicked Works,  
Did hold this King's good Grace.
- "He now doth lie intomb'd here,  
Which furthered each good Thing;  
Now naught he is but Dust and Bones,  
Which was a worthy King.
- "The very Son of God, whom erst  
This King did love right dear,  
Hath given to him Immortal Bliss,  
For his good living here.
- "Whilst liv'd this King, by him all Things  
Were in most goodly Plight:  
Fraud lay hid, great Peace was kept,  
And Homesty had Might."

The original of the preceding Cut is a print by Vertue:—beyond and above Edward's tomb is seen the shrine of the Confessor.

ELEANOR, QUEEN OF EDWARD I., also lies buried in the Confessor's Chapel, where is a monument to her memory, near that of Henry III. Eleanor accompanied Edward to the Holy Land, where she is said to have preserved his life by sucking the poison out of a wound inflicted on him by the hand of an assassin. She bore him four sons and nine daughters, and died in attending him

\* *Archæologia*, vol. iii. p. 402.

on an expedition towards Scotland, November 27, 1290, at the house of Richard Weston, at Herdby, or Harby, in the parish of North Clifton, on the Trent, five miles from Lincoln. Her bowels were buried in Lincoln Cathedral, and her body was conveyed for interment to the Abbey Church at Westminster. At every stage where it rested, the King ordered a cross to be placed; and fifteen were erected in consequence: one at Herdby, whence the procession set out; and in the chapel of which place Edward also founded a chantry for her soul: the others were at Lincoln, Newark, Grantham, Leicester, Stamford, Geddington, Northampton, Stony Stratford, Woburn, Dunstable, St. Alban's, Waltham, Cheapside, (London,) and at the village of Charing, on the site now known as "Charing Cross." Herdby, Leicester, Woburn, and Cheap are omitted by some authorities, although they were embellished with statues of the queen. Those at Geddington, Waltham, are extant at this day; and the latter has lately been restored at a considerable cost. In gothic niches in the upper part have been female figures, very similar in style to that on her tomb; on the lower, shields charged with the arms of England, Castile and Leon, and Ponthieu.

Upon the tomb at Westminster is placed the Queen's recumbent image of copper; and round the verge of the tomb the following inscription in uncial letters:

ICI GYST ALIANOR JADIS REGNE DE ANGLE-  
TERRE, FEMME AL RE EDEWERD FIR 'LE  
RE . . . . . OVNTIF DEL ALME DE  
LI DEV FVR SA PITE EYT MERCI. AMEN.

—The effigy of Queen Eleanor, like that of Henry III., is remarkable for the beauty of its execution: indeed, Mr. Stothard considers it to be one of the finest of the series illustrated in his *Monumental Effigies*. The form of the crown, and the style of the drapery, are so similar to that of the monument of that of Henry III., that both effigies are supposed to have been executed by the same hand, under the direction of Edward I. The features of the Queen are remarkably regular, and have an air of commanding beauty. In her right hand was, probably, a sceptre; her left grasps a narrow band attached to her mantle. The mantle covers both shoulders, falls over her tunic, and is gathered in folds round her feet, which rest on two couchant lions.\* The figure is doubly gilt.

\* Abridged from Stothard's *Monumental Effigies*.

### The Sketch-book.

#### THE BIOGRAPHY OF THE ROSE.

(From the *New York Mirror*.)

ISIS, the most ancient of the Egyptian divinities, represented the prolific properties of nature, and particularly of all the

useful and lovely productions of the earth; and by different names, she, at that period held sway over the whole world. She was represented holding a globe in her hand, with a vessel full of ears of corn. The ancients thought that the choicest flowers grew where she trod on her own domains, and when she was most delighted by the honours paid her, there sprung up the rose, dearest of all flowers, in her worship. Her worshippers soon believed that the rose was the most acceptable of all flowers to the goddess, and laid garlands of them in profusion upon her altars. From Egypt Isis was brought to Greece, and there represented the whole bevy of goddesses, from Venus to Ceres, and there was styled "*mistress, mother, nurse*, or the goddess of ten thousand names." This offering, from mortals, of her lovely rose, seemed to breathe from the altar a purifying and exalting incense over her worshippers. Through every age of legend, poetry and fable, the rose has ten thousand eulogists; but few have ever attempted to give its history.

The rose, in all countries and in all times, has been held as the queen of flowers. The name, as it comes to us, is from the Greek *rodon*: it has relation to the colour red. The Greeks took their impressions of the rose, and all matters of taste in the vegetable kingdom, from the Egyptians, Persians, or other nations of Asia. Every where it is the type of beauty and love, bestowing its name to enrich other flowers, which derive from the rose their chief celebrity, and taking unquestionable presidency of all in ornament or taste. The Greeks had more taste than imagination, and they pruned in their beautiful fables the luxuriant growth of Oriental fancy. They have this tradition of the rose—"The god of love made a present to Harpocrates, the god of silence, of a beautiful rose, the first that had been known, to engage him not to discover any of the secrets of his mother, Venus;" and hence it has become a custom to have a rose placed in their rooms of mirth and entertainment, that under the assurance thereof they might be induced to lay aside all restraint, and speak what they pleased. Thus did the rose become a symbol of silence; so that *sub rosa*, under the rose, denoted as much as to be out of danger of any disclosure of conversation. The wretch who violated these customs, was held next in contempt to him who committed perjury to the gods.

In India and other portions of the east, the rose was commingled with sentiment and song; its beauty and its perfume made it, in their imaginations, a match for the sweetest of nature's music, and in their sweet imaginings, the nightingale was married to the rose. The poetry of this region of the rose was full of their loves and hap-

piness. Anacreon wrote odes to this favoured flower, enchanting as the song of the nightingale itself; and the poets of all ages have followed his example.

The love of flowers seems to be a universal passion. Bundles of flowers covered the tables of the Greeks, and were worn during repasts, because they were supposed to possess a virtue that reached the mind as well as the senses; and not only preserved the wearer from the perfumes of wine, but refreshed his thinking faculties, preserving the purity of ideas and the gaiety of spirits. The rose, with other flowers, was placed on the altars of every god of affection and peace. They sprung up in every garden and grew in every bower.

Flowers are delightful to all. The tasteful Athenians, who had a market for the sale of them, were obliged to pass sumptuary laws to restrain the extravagance of the purchasers. Cleopatra, when she melted the pearl for her wine-cup, trod on beds of flowers; and Nero, the cruel Nero, could only be propitiated by an offering of flowers. If historians are to be relied on, this tyrannical monster paid *thirty thousand pounds* for the flowers to ornament *one* feast! and ages before his time, Tarquin the Proud rested himself in his gardens after his massacre. These monsters were, at times, kept from the scent of blood by the scent of flowers.

Such was the passion over every mind in the east for flowers, that from them has been made a universal language of friendship, affection and love. It is one of no difficult acquirement, and fragments of it have been diffused far and wide; and these fragments have been caught in our own language. Shakspeare displays his knowledge of these scraps of emblematic conversations, in his character of Ophelia:—"There's rosemary, that's for remembrance—pray you, love, remember; and there is pansies, that's for thoughts. There's fennel for you, and columbine; there's rue for you, and here's some for me; we may call it *herb of grace* o' Sundays. You may wear your rue with a difference. There's a daisy. I would give you some violets; but they withered all, when my father died."

This love of flowers was widely diffused in England among the common people. Their trivial names bear testimony to this partiality. There is heart's-ense, lady's-delight, jump-and-kiss-me, &c., and a host of such terms. When the courts of law were held in agricultural counties in England, large assemblies of the gentry flocked to their towns; these courts were held in the summer, and flowers were brought in and scattered profusely around the judges on the bench of justice. This was a relic of an ancient custom, and its observance was not calculated to do any harm. There

was quite as much efficacy in these simple garlands of flowers, as in the costly ermine worn by the judges on their robes; the former, at least refreshed the senses, while the ermine was only an emblem of purity; and these flowers indicated as much the purity of their decisions, as the ponderous wigs they wear bear relation to their brains.

Roses are ornaments of the altar of hymen, while vases of lilies are placed upon the graves of youth and innocence. On careful examination, even in this age of philosophy, we shall find that flowers have had a much greater moral influence than is imagined.

We have observed that the rose was offered to Isis in her sacred mysteries, and was to her the most acceptable of all offerings. The beautiful, but often misunderstood metamorphosis of Apulius, gives to the rose a magic effect. In this fable, Lucius is transformed into the *Asinus Aureus*, for having pursued a life of profligacy and vice; but becoming repentant, and hating the form he bore, Isis appeared to him in a dream, and told him that if he would push forward on the day of her coming festival, and take a mouthful of the roses thrown by the princes upon her altar, that he would again assume the godlike form he had lost. Both were done. Is there not a beautiful moral in this fable? namely—that the sins of luxury, profligacy, avarice, and extortion, may degrade and change the character of man, and put him on the level with the brute; but by repentance, and by useful and tasteful pursuits, he may recover his lost innocence and assume the dignity of his nature. The garden and the field afford room for reflection. Some of the most judicious philosophers of antiquity endeavoured to make men of all classes attend to agriculture, in some form or other. The fable of the giants warring against the gods, may be understood in this light. The great men of renown, distinguished for their knowledge of astronomy, became bewildered in the expanse of the heavens, and struggling in vain to solve some of the celestial phenomena, or lost in the labyrinths of metaphysics, grew faint, and fell from their exalted heights; but contenting themselves, for awhile, to consider sublunary subjects, gained strength as they reasoned upon the laws of seasons and soils, and on the things about them. This was renewing their vigour as they touched their mother earth, and by this course they gained new energies, to soar again to war with the gods.

### Manners and Customs.

#### CELTIC ORIGINS.—THE DRUIDS.\*

THE members of the Druidic institution were the law-givers, poets, and architects of the nation; as an enumeration of their various

\* See also pages 394 and 391, Mirror, vol. xxix.

duties will show. To the *Derwydd*, pl. *Derwyddion*, belonged the important offices of superintending the moral and religious education of the community, and public and private worship, in court, or palace, and in area (*ynllys, acynllan*). Their modes of instruction are recorded to have been by "voice, song, and conventional usage." The word *Derwydd* is derived from *dar* and *gwydd*, signifying chief in the presence; which agrees very well with the priestly office, as the worship was considered to be performed in the "presence:" or from *gwydd*, to know, relating to their character for wisdom, and duty as instructors. To the *Burdd*, pl. *Beirdd*, was assigned, besides his poetical office, the duty of instruction in heraldic (*arwyddiaeth*), genealogical, and other lore: they were the national historians. The bards were sometimes called *Awenyddion*, or inspired, from their practice of singing extempore, and this practice soon became, in the opinion of the delighted and enthusiastic hearers, prophetic. M. Thierry, in his *Conquête d'Angleterre par les Normannais*, says, "in England, and also in France, the Welsh were considered as having the gift of prophecy. The verses in which ancient Cambrian poets had expressed, with overflowing souls, their patriotic wishes and aspirations, were regarded as mysterious predictions." Llywarch Ilen thus speaks of the slaughter of some bards:

"And foemen feet to dust have trod  
The blue-robed messengers of God:

alluding to their sacred character, and the colour of their dress. "Bardism, law, and instrumental music," are said to be the "three things which the nation of the Cymry possess the best of their kind in the world. The *Ofydd*, pl. *Ofyddion*, was charged with such functions as resulted from the exercise of his natural talents, in invention and improvement, including the effusion of poetry. The name seems, and is most probably, derived from *Gofydd*,\* an artist, or science.

The Ovate was the person who raised, or directed the raising of the Druidic circles and the other monuments that we see not only in this island, but on the continent also; of course, under the general superintendence of the Druid. In looking at, or reflecting on, such structures, Stonehenge or any other, it must be confessed that at least a class of the ancient Britons possessed more knowledge than we usually give them credit for; their "profound knowledge of human nature" has been mentioned before; of which knowledge, (we might call it wisdom,) another and stronger instance is found in the dangerous and almost unknown sub-marine wall in Cardigan Bay, called Sarn Padrig, or Patrick's

Canseway, erected for the purpose of preventing the encroachment of the sea on the land. The inclosed district was, and is to this day, called *y Cantref y Gwaelod*, (the Lowland Hundred), and belonged to Gwyddno Garanhir, King of Ceredigion, who entrusted Seithenyh ab Seithyn Seidi with the duty of keeping the wall in proper order; but he, preferring drinking to working, suffered the damages which the constant beating of the waves had caused to go unrepaired, in consequence of which the sea at last broke through and overflowed the plain: this occurred in the fifth century.† Seithenyh is recorded as the "third arrant drunkard of the Isle of Britain." Of the erection and builder of this wall history is totally silent; the silence is a necessary inference of its antiquity, and the ruin itself is evidence of the skill of its architects; and clearly proves that the present matter-of-fact and bargain-driving age is not the inventor of "intellect" or utility.

The worth of the opinion of Fletcher, of Saltoun, who said that if he was offered his choice of making either the songs or the laws of a people, he would have chosen to make the songs, is fully exemplified in the effect the Druidical system had on the Cymry; and which effect the onward course of eighteen centuries has not entirely obliterated. Very possibly, the Druid, when he declared "song" to be a mode of education, was aware of the power music has over the human mind; and this power is not at all weakened by emanating from the harp: may its peaceful notes long resound on the mountains of Cambria. "It is hardly too much to say that the ancient British existed on poetry; for, in their political axioms, which have been handed down to us, the bard, at once poet and musician, is placed beside the labourer and the artisan, as one of the three pillars of social life. Their poets had one great and almost only theme, their country's destinies, her misfortunes, and her hopes. The nation, poetical in its turn, extended the bounds of fiction, by ascribing fantastic meaning to their words. The wishes of the bards were received as promises, their expectations as prophecies; even their silence was made expressive. If they sang not of Arthur's death, it was a proof that Arthur yet lived; if the harper undesignedly sounded some melancholy air, the minds of his hearers spontaneously linked with this vague melody the name of some spot, rendered mournfully famous by the loss of a battle with the foreign conqueror. This life of hopes and recollections gave charms, in the eyes of the latter Cambrians, to their country of rocks and morasses. Though poor, they were gay and social; bear-

\* The single *f* is the same as *v*, and the *dd* is the same as *th* in though.

† Yet the admirers of Saxon institutions tell us that Alfred the Great was the first that divided the land into hundreds. Alfred's chief counsellor was the Welsh monk, Asser.

ing the burden of distress lightly, as some passing inconvenience; looking forward with unabated confidence to a great political revolution, by which they should regain all that they had lost, and (as one of their bards expresses it), recover the diadem of Britain."—*M. Thierry.*

SION GRYG.

## The Contemporary Crabeller.

### JOURNEY TO THE RIVER ORONTES.

(Concluded from page 73.)

HAVING slept at Bisherra, I proceeded the next day to visit the cedars. There are many places in the mountain where this tree grows, but in the spot usually shown there are about 600 together.\* Before it reaches them, the road takes a turn to the right, and passes along a cliff, the rock of which is so smooth in a slanting direction, that I was tempted to believe it had been artificially formed, in order to slide to Bisherra the immense blocks of wood used for the building of the Temple, and was more encouraged in this opinion by an examination of the road to Bisherra, which would not easily allow of such vast pieces passing over it; whereas they might have been launched down this slanting rock to the foot of the hill, and carried thence to Bideman by way of Hasrun.

I was disappointed by the cedars, although I saw all that I could have expected. From the cedars mounting the adjoining rock, I reached, in an hour and a half, the place where snow is lying all the year round, and descending on the other side, found myself, after six hours' ride, at Deir el Ahmar.† After passing through 'Ainnet,‡ whither the inhabitants of Bisherra go for wheat and barley, the road to Deir el Ahmar is between hills which gradually decrease in height, and are the natural continuation of Mount Lebanon. At this place begins the plain, at the further end of which, and at the foot of the Anti Libanus, stands Ba'lbek or Baaleth, mentioned in Scripture as having been built by Solomon.§ The old foundations to the north-west of the Temple consist of such stupendous stones from 30 to 67 feet in

\* Of course the author must include in this number the young trees as well as the old patriarchs of the forest, as we learn from Bellonius, who visited them in the middle of the sixteenth century, that only 28 of these large trees were standing. Father Dandini, in 1600, counted 23; Thevenot, in 1657, found 22; Maundrell, in 1696, only 16; Pococke, in 1737, counted 15; Burekhardt, in 1810, reckoned 12; Dr. Richardson, in 1818, found them reduced to 7; and M. de La Martine, in 1832, speaks of 7 still remaining, but the snow prevented his reaching them.—Ed.

† The whole number amount to about 400, according to Burekhardt, (Syria, p. 19).—F. S.

‡ The Red Convent, erroneously spelt Akhmaar by Burekhardt, p. 17.

§ Spelt Ainat, (perhaps Ain atâ, i.e. gift-spring,) by Mr. Baker.

¶ 2 Chronicles, chap. viii., 6.

length, as could not easily be removed, and although much in the way, three of the largest, measuring 63, 64, and 67 feet respectively, still form a part of the wall. These, from the appearance of the stone, are evidently of a more ancient date than the rest, and tend to confirm the tradition that ascribes them to the time of Solomon; but these ruins have been too often measured and described for me to add anything further.

From Ba'lbek I started for the source of the Orontes, a place little known, and visited by few, if any, European travellers, from the danger said to attend it. The Metawalis, a tribe which is in possession of these parts, are known for their hatred of all sects that differ from them in point of religion; but by passing myself off for an officer of Ibrahim Pasha, I procured a guide with whom I ventured to trust myself in the forest that night, in spite of the notorious character of his tribe.

At an hour's ride from Ba'lbek, before one reaches the first descent and on the left of the road, I saw a perfect sarcophagus and two broken ones, which had all been opened. This place might have been a burying-ground of the ancients, and some excavations would probably throw light on the subject. Through the valley runs a little stream, by the aid of which we made an excellent breakfast on bread, cheese, and cucumbers. Ascending on the other side, I proceeded in an E.N.E. direction along the foot of Anti-Libanus nearly on a plain till twelve o'clock, when I came to a village called Labweh, after having passed an encampment of Turkomans to the right of the road, at a place called Shaad. Labweh is at the foot of the range of Anti-Libanus on the top of a hillock, near which passes a small stream which has its source in the adjoining mountains, and after flowing for several hours through the plain, falls into the basin from which springs the Orontes.

At six hours east of Labweh I reached Fikhi, a village beautifully situated in a small valley, on a parallel nearly with the plain, and at the foot of the said range of the Anti-Libanus.

I here procured another Metawali guide, and proceeded with him first to Ar-Ras|| or "the head," being a village at the extremity of the range. Here a few Christians are suffered to dwell separately from the other inhabitants, that they may do the manual work necessary in the cultivation of such parts of the plain as are within reach of the river of Labweh.

Traversing the plain in a north-east direction for three hours, I regained the river of Labweh, along the banks of which two hours' ride brought me towards evening to the source of the Orontes, called by the

|| Abu-J-feda, (Syria, p. 150.)

people El 'Asi\* or "the rebel," from its occasional violence and windings, during a course of about 200 miles in a northerly direction, passing through Homs and Hamah, and finally discharging itself into the sea at Suweidiah near Antioch. The source here springs with some violence from a natural basin in the rock, of a triangular form, measuring about fifty paces, and nearly concealed on each side by trees and bushes, of which chestnut, willow, and a dwarf oak, are the most common.

The Labweh flows along the base of this triangle in a north-east direction, and mingles its little current with the stream from the spring which here runs at a considerable rate. The three barren perpendicular rocks which inclose this little spot form a striking contrast with the verdure that grows, as it were, upon the water beneath. On the south side of the basin, at the top of the rock, there is an excavation of several rooms, said to have been the hermitage of Maron the first Maronite; two rooms are of easy access, but the others can only be climbed up to with difficulty.

Having made a sketch of this rarely-visited and secluded spot, I quitted it, and took the direction of Bisherra, by another road, which towards Marzehim, led over the low chain of hills I have already mentioned, as a natural continuation of Libanus; these hills were covered with brushwood, and with bellut, a species of oak,† almond-trees, buckthorn, wild thyme in abundance, and other aromatic herbs.

Marzehim is situated near a beautiful fertile plain, through which runs a fordable rivulet. I did not go up to the village, which would have taken me out of the way, but proceeded alone, and unfortunately, after much fatigue in ascending Mount Libanus, lost all traces of the road, so that instead of passing to the right which would have taken me to Bisherra, I had to descend a precipice where the foot of man could scarce find a level space to rest upon, and such as even few quadrupeds would venture to descend.

Towards evening I reached the bottom and slept at an encampment of Arabs, where I was hospitably treated; and the following morning I returned by 'Ainnet to Bisherra, having again missed my way.

From Bisherra I took the road to Tripoli, which, after the first two hours, continues nearly on a level. From Tripoli I continued by the route along the coast passing through Tortosa, Markab, and Latakia,‡ and crossing the Orontes, reached Suweidyah on the 22nd of August.

Annexed is a brief account of the late

\* "From its refusing to water the fields without being compelled by means of watering-wheels," says Abû-l-fedâ, (Syria, p. 149.)—F. S.

† Quercus Ballota.—F. S.

‡ Properly El Lâdhikiyah.—F. S.

dreadful earthquake in Syria, extracted from the letters of Mr. Moore, British Consul at Beirut, to his Majesty's Government, and from other authentic sources.

January 1, 1837.—At 4h. 35 m. p.m. the first shock of the earthquake was felt in the city of Beirut. It was accompanied by a rumbling noise, and lasted ten seconds, and appeared to proceed from the north. No buildings were thrown down in the town; but without the walls seven or eight houses, built on a sandy foundation, fell, and one or two lives were lost. The course of the river Ontiliâs§ (?) near Beirut was suspended, and the mills on its banks were deprived of water for some hours. When the stream returned to its bed the waters were turbid, and of a reddish, sandy colour. The atmosphere during the day of the earthquake was close, and charged with electricity. Fahrenheit's thermometer stood at 66°, but rose to 70° five minutes after the earthquake; for four or five minutes after the shock the compass was still agitated. The weather had been unusually mild and fine during the last few weeks. The oldest inhabitants of Beirut do not remember so severe an earthquake.

At Damascus, four minarets and several houses were thrown down, the bazars damaged, and eight or ten individuals killed or wounded.

The cities of Tyre and Sidon were greatly injured.

At Acrida, part of the fortifications were overthrown, and several persons killed or maimed.

Tiberias is entirely destroyed; nothing but the baths remaining. The lake rose and swept away many of the inhabitants.

The town of Safet|| is a heap of ruins, and nearly the whole of its inhabitants have perished; not more than seven, or by some accounts, not more than five in the hundred, of the population survive; and their sufferings augmented by exposure to the piercing air of the mountains, without food, shelter, or medical advice, have been very severe. To add to the horrors of their condition, numerous packs of dogs, attracted to the spot by the carcasses on which they prey, were rendered thereby so furious, as to be dangerous to the living. The Bedowins also hovered about the ruins for plunder.

Safet is one of the five holy cities whither the Jews resort from all parts of Christendom in old age to die and be interred, and 1,500 are now buried in the ruins. Up to the 21st of January shocks of the earthquake continued to be felt daily, and the

§ The river of Beirut is called Nahr-es-salb. Ontiliâs is probably an error of transcription: perhaps it should be Wâl Iliyâs, the river of Elias, as St. George, called by the Arabs Khidr Iliyâs, is supposed to have suffered martyrdom near Beirut, (D'Arvieux, Mémoires, ii. 376.)—F. S.

|| Or Safed, Abû-l-fedâ, (Syria, p. 43, 82.)—F. S.

ground all around was rent into fearful chasms. The amount of the population is uncertain, but supposed to have been from 6,000 to 7,000.

The great shock appears to have been simultaneous, and was most sensibly felt to the southward, having extended 500 miles in length by 90 in breadth. It was felt in

the island of Cyprus. Forty villages have been totally, and eleven partially, destroyed. It were useless to enumerate them here, as the greater part do not appear on any map of Syria yet published. The number of lives lost is stated at about 6,000, but it is much to be feared, that in reality they greatly exceed that number.

## The Naturalist.

### THE GORDIAN WORM.

DR. GEORGE JOHNSTON, of Berwick-upon-Tweed, has lately communicated to the *Magazine of Natural History*, the following interesting details of the economy of the *Gordius Aquaticus*.

"This singular worm is in perpetual motion and change; and its wriggings have a sort of painful character, which suggest involuntarily a comparison of it to 'the worm that never dieth.' Although observed very often during several days, it was never seen at rest for a single moment, but was ever bending its long, hair-like body into larger and smaller curves, now moving rapidly across the plate, and now twisting and contorting itself into circles and curves. The undivided end, though the contrary has been asserted,\* is evidently the head: and this part is often pushed forward and out of the water; which, however, the worm never leaves. When a portion from the anterior end was cut off, the detached portion very soon lost every sign of life. A portion from the tail gave evidence of remaining irritability for a longer time, but still did not live long; the main part, however, continuing to move on as before; and, as it did so for at least 48 hours, it may be that life would not have been shortened by these mutilations.

"The *Gordius*, we are told by certain authors, perforates clay to give a passage to springs and water! By others it is said to kill fishes; and, to man, to be so far noxious, that its bite occasions inflammation, which may be cured, it is kindly added, with opium. Such is a specimen of the fancies which disfigure the history of worms, and which are still to be found in works of a scientific pretension, where we expect to find nothing but the deductions of observation. The stories of the rustic naturalist are, however, not only allowable, but amusing. The country people of Smöland believe that the bite of the *Gordius* causes the whitlow, and they give to the worm and the disease the same name: acting on this belief, they cure the disease by making an incision into the part with a knife, which must have been previously used in cutting

\* Dr. Turton describes the tail as a mouth, which, he says, is "small, horizontal, with equal, obtuse jaws."



The Gordian Worm.)

the worm itself into pieces. Our own country people are convinced that the *Gordius* is merely a horse-hair animated by being steeped in water; and, if you hesitate to believe the story, they will tell you, as I have been told repeatedly, that they have often, in their boyish days, performed the experiment with success, having been witness to the fact of the hair growing into the living worm. Stanihurst, in his account of Ireland, adduces it as an example of animals "ingendred without seed,"—"and chiefly by the secret influence and instillation of the celestial planets, as the sunne and such other; as, if you put the haire of an horse taile in mire, puddle, or in a dung-hill, for a certain space, it will turne to a little, thin, spralling worme, which I have often seene and experimented."

Linnæus tells us, that the rustics of Smöland say, that all the pieces of the worm of this kind that have been divided into many, on being kept immersed in water, will each grow into a perfect body. On this slender authority, apparently, other less cautious naturalists have stated this as a fact.

### THE HARVEST BUG.



[THE Reverend Dr. Hussey, Rector of Hayes, Kent, has communicated to a late volume of the *Philosophical Magazine*, the following entertaining account of the habits of the harvest bug.]

If powers of annoyance form a claim to attention, there is none superior to that possessed by the minute insect known in England as the Harvest-bug, and on the Continent, where, according to Latreille's personal experience, its effects are equally serious, as *la Louvette*.

No good description of it is, however, extant, and the engraving in Shaw's work bears a very slight resemblance to nature, owing, doubtless, to the extreme difficulty of obtaining specimens of an insect so nearly invisible to the naked eye. Having been so fortunate as to procure several uninjured harvest-bugs, and having submitted them to a highly powerful magnifier, so as to make a drawing, which underwent many comparisons with the living subject, and is as correct as it is possible to render it, an engraving from it is annexed, for the examination of the curious, together with such particulars as differ from the account of established authorities;—not from any wish to cavil or find fault with those who have done so much for entomology, but with an anxiety laudable it is hoped, to add (without punning) a *mite* to truth.

The acarus in question then is a hexapod, of a brilliant scarlet colour: its motion is very swift, and the only way in which the observer can satisfactorily contemplate it is by immersing the insect in a drop of water, in which it swims vigorously,\* and from which it cannot escape.

The body is oval, sprinkled with stiff hairs, and sixteen very strong ones fringe the hinder part; the legs are horny, like those of a beetle: each foot is furnished with two, and sometimes three, strong claws, with which it works so rapidly, mole-fashion, that it inserts itself beneath the skin in a few seconds. Shaw states that it "adheres to the skin by means of two strong hooks attached to the fore-part of the body," but these I have never been able to see; he appears not to have been aware of its burying itself beneath the surface, in which case it is no longer possible to extract it; a small tumour then forms, the itching of which is intolerable. Patience, the panacea universally recommended, is as universally neglected. Serious consequences often arise in an irritable constitution, from broken sleep, and the skin being torn in frantic endeavours to procure relief. External applications are of little avail, the creature being safe beneath the skin; sal volatile, seldom had recourse to till the nails have failed, will change the itching to a pungent

\* One specimen was still swimming after a lapse of seven hours.

smart. As, however, is the case with all similar scourges, there are individuals perfectly exempt from its attacks.

Shaw, Latreille, and White of Selborne, all state that this insect is located upon corn, kidney-beans, and various other vegetables; this they probably adopted from each other, the original foundation being popular belief: but having been assured, in the course of my researches on this subject, that† daddy long-legs (*phalangium opilio*) was the father of harvest-bugs, and the common red garden spider their prolific mother, and having heard a regular war determined against them as the origin of all the suffering, I may be excused for doubting the value of popular opinions: and let us hope that these absurd fancies of persons who ought to have known better will vanish before the light shed by the popular study of entomology.

The evidence then appears strongly to favour the opinion that the habitat of the harvest-bug is upon, or close to, the ground. White says that, "upon the chalk-downs, the warrerer's nets are sometimes coloured red by them;"‡ and, incredible as this may appear to one engaged in contemplating a single specimen, there is no doubt of the truth of the statement, even though it had rested on meaner authority, for the hem of many a Hampshire petticoat has been similarly discoloured, the wearer of which, by throwing it off in time, prevented the ravages of the insect being extended to the upper part of the person. Experienced sportsmen well know that, on the moors, they escape the enemy by wearing a close boot. After walking some time upon gravel, far removed from any plant whatever, the stockings will be found sprinkled with them, when, running rapidly upwards, they ensconce themselves wherever the dress is most closely confined to the body. Animals, particularly horses, suffer dreadfully from this cause, the tender skin of the lips and nose being frequently covered with nests of harvest-bugs, which have fixed there during grazing, but which probably cannot bury themselves as in the human being, from the toughness of the skin. The cat's whiskers have a scarlet spot at the insertion of each hair, and she bites her paws all day, yet does not relinquish her favourite bask on the warm gravel, which probably is the cause of her annoyance, because the rabbits, shut up in a building, though fed even on the freshest of kidney-bean plants, are not aware that harvest-bugs exist.

If it be asked where was the embryo harvest-bug,—where was the insect whose

‡ Probably from his being frequently covered with another parasitic acarus, *acarus ocyptæ*.

† Chalk is the favourite soil; and, perhaps, their abounding in corn-fields, is owing to the earth being so dry among the ripe straw, and so warm also.

life, beginning, as it would seem, with the greatest heat of summer, ended with the first cold of autumn,—during the intermediate nine months? we may reply, probably buried in embryo in the soil. But research would afford no information on this subject, from the minuteness of the insect.

### The Public Journals.

#### SONNET TO THE QUEEN.

WHEN some fair bark first glides into the sea,  
Glad shouts of thousands echo to the sky,  
And as she leaves the land fond hearts beat high  
With hope and fear; and prayers are heard, that he  
Who stirs and calms the deep, her guide may be;  
That over sunny seas her path may lie;  
And that she still may find, when storms are high,  
Safe anchor underneath some sheltering lee.  
Even so thy subjects' hopes and prayers, fair Queen!  
Go with thee:—clouds above thy bark may brood,  
And rocks and shoals beset thine unknown way;  
But thou in virtue bold may'st steer serene  
Through tempests; England's glory and her good  
The load-star of thy course, and Heaven thy stay.

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

#### DON JUAN.

"OUR friend Don Juan" is no imaginary personage; he really did exist, and was an Andalusian Majó of rank. *En su Patria ninguno fu profeta*. Poor Juan is not honoured in his country, and no Spaniard has ever given a local habitation and identity to a name at once historical and European.

Don Juan Tenorio was bred and born a gentleman, "a true hidalgo." His father, Alonzo Jufre Tenorio, was a distinguished admiral in the service of Alonzo XI. He died in battle, and, like Nelson, near Trafalgar. His fleet, consisting of twenty-seven sail, was opposed to seventy men of war of the Moors. Alonzo, in sending him a reinforcement of six ships, had let slip a remark, that if the infidels escaped it would be the fault of the admiral; the old seaman was so nettled, that he bore down almost alone on the enemy, and having lost a leg, was killed fighting with his sword in one hand and his flag in the other.\* He left by his wife Elvira several children. Alonzo Jufre, the eldest, was created by Pedro the Cruel (son of Alonzo XI.) Alguacilazgo,† or governor of the gate of Visagra at Toledo. Garcia,‡ his brother, took the part of the bastard, Henry of Trastámara, and was one of the few prisoners given up by the Black Prince to the vengeance of the legitimate king. Teresa§ the sister, continued to occupy the private mansion at Seville (granted to the Tenorios at the conquest) until the year 1369, when it was confiscated by Don Pedro, because "she had spoken ill of him," a somewhat severe punishment for a lapsus

linguæ of female scandal. He gave the house to the nuns of San Leandro, who built the present convent on the site. The noble author of Don Juan turned the ancient monastery of Newstead into a house of revel, while the real scene of the *petits soupers* of the real Don Juan, by an anticipated retribution, had been purified to more hallowed purposes. It is probable that the admiral (his father) was a brother of Juan Tenorio, the comendador of Estepa, whose sons, Juan (the name runs in the family), Melindo, and Pedro, were banished by Don Pedro. This last, Pedro,|| was afterwards the celebrated Archbishop of Toledo. The armorial bearings of the Tenorios, as blazoned in an old MS. of the Order of the Banda, are, or, a lion rampant *purpure*, charged with three bends *checky argent and azure*. Juan, the hero of our tale,—

"In Seville he was born, a pleasant city,  
Famous for oranges and women!"

a city described by the historians ¶ of that time as more alluring and seductive than Capua itself—little Juan was the spoilt child of the testy admiral; he was an early associate of the licentious Don Pedro,—a congenial disposition united the prince to the subject, who was, moreover, related to Maria Padilla,\*\* the favourite mistress. Don Pedro created Juan a Knight of the Banda,†† and appointed him his *repostero*, i. e. his chief butler, thus confiding to him the important charge of the cellar, an office which he doubtless appreciated. The first lord of Don Pedro's treasury was Levi, a wealthy and intelligent Jew, a Jew-d'esprit; and from this little premium these extravagant youths extracted gold and treasure, until, having broken his bank, they put him to a cruel death. Lord Byron's Don José, Dona Julia, and Dona Inez, who knew our Lope and Calderon by heart, authors born, by the way, some three centuries afterwards, are purely fictitious characters. His lordship paid as little attention to historical facts as a Beaumarchais or Rossini. The Admiral and his wife lived on most excellent terms; in fact, he owed his death to the confidential communication of the king's speech from his affectionate spouse.‡‡ The number of Don Juan's amours, "Noch in Spanien ein tausend und drei," precludes all attempt to ascertain who Dona Julia was.

We have met with no historical account of what became of Don Juan—whether the chief butler of Pedro was hanged like the chief baker of Pharaoh—or whether the last

¶ Mariana, lib. xvii. 19.

¶¶ Cronica del Rey Don Pedro, 36.

•• Annales de Sevilla, ii. 126.

†† One of the earliest orders of knighthood, and instituted by Alonzo XI. Don Juan was admitted at the third chapter ever held.—See "The Theater of Honor," by A. Favine, p. 166. London, 1693.

‡‡ Cronica del Rey Alonzo XI., c. 212.

\* Cronica del Rey Alonzo XI., pp. 211, 212.

† Cronica del Rey Don Pedro, p. 101.

‡ Annales de Sevilla. Zuniga, vol. ii. 171.

§ Annales de Sevilla, vol. ii. 177.

scene, which hands him over before his time to the devil, be correct; such an auto-da-fé dénouement would be quite in character with Spanish habits and their dramatic mysteries. It will grieve those worthy persons to whom this reprobate has given just cause of uneasiness, to hear that the original play, the source of all the evil, was composed by Gabriel Tellez, a monk of the order of Merced; \* who published it at Madrid in 1634, under the assumed name of Tyrso de Molina. It was called "El Burlador de Sevilla, o El Convidado de Piedra" (the Wag of Seville, or the Guest of Stone); a fragment of a Roman consular statue, near the Alameda vieja at Seville, is still called "El Convidado de Piedra," in allusion to the statue invited to supper. The play became as immediately and universally popular among adults as its hero's puppet-rival Punch, that rogue, who beats constable, wife, and devil, has been, and ever will be, among children. The Spanish play was translated into the Italian, and improved upon in French by Molière. His *Festin de Pierre* was acted at Paris on the 15th February, 1665. Molière was so severely attacked for the laxness of the morality, that, having in vain—"confess and be hanged"—cancelled the more objectionable passages, he at length was compelled to write his *Tartuffe* to silence the animosity of his critics. Mozart adapted to music a comedy of Beaumarchais, and produced a composition in which the humorous, pathetic, and grand are combined, to a degree which the Opera was previously considered incapable of sustaining: his biographer, the euphonously named Schlietnergroll, has pronounced him the Shakespeare of music. Of the masterly but unequal *Don Juan* of Lord Byron it is needless to say a word—either in praise or dispraise

#### THE GREENWOOD SHRIFT.

[The following is versified from an anecdote of George III., inserted from a publication of the Rev. Mr. Crabbe's, in the *Church of England Magazine*:—]

Outstretched beneath the leafy shade  
Of Windsor Forest's deepest glade  
A dying woman lay;  
Three little children round her stood,  
And there went up from the greenwood  
A woful wail that day.

"O mother!" was the mingled cry,  
"O mother, mother! do not die  
And leave us all alone!"—  
"My blessed babes!" she cried to say,  
But the faint accents died away  
In a low sobbing moan.

And then, life struggled hard with death,  
And fast and strong she drew her breath,  
And up she raised her head;  
And peering through the deep wood maze  
With a long, sharp, unearthly gaze,  
"Will he not come?" she said.

\* Antonio, Bib. Nova, i. 510.

Just then, the parting boughs between,  
A little maid's light form was seen,  
All breathless with her speed;  
And following close, a man came on  
(A portly man to look upon),  
Who led a panting steed.

"Mother!" the little maiden cried,  
Or e'er she reached the woman's side,  
And kissed her clay-cold cheek;  
"I have not idled in the town,  
But long went wandering up and down,  
The minister to seek.

"They told me here—they told me there—  
I think they mocked me every where;  
And when I found his home,  
And begg'd him on my bended knee  
To bring his book, and come with me;  
Mother! he would not come.

"I told him how you dying lay,  
And could not go in peace away  
Without the Minister;  
I begg'd him, for dear Christ, his sake,  
But, oh!—my heart was fit to break—  
Mother! he would not stir.

"So, though my tears were blinding me,  
I ran back, fast as fast could be,  
To come again to you;  
And here—close by—in this Squire I met,  
Who asked (so mild!) what made me fret;  
And when I told him true,

"'I will go with you, child,' he said,  
'God sends me to this dying bed.'  
Mother, he's here, hard by."  
While thus the little maiden spoke,  
The man his buck against an oak,  
Look'd on with glistening eye.

The bridle, on his neck flung free,  
With quivering flank and trembling knee,  
Pressed close his bonny bay:  
A statelier man—a statelier steed,  
Never on greenward paced, I rede,  
Than those stood there that day.

So, while the little maiden spoke,  
The man, his back against an oak,  
Looked on with glistening eye  
And folded arms; and in his look,  
Something that, like a sermon book,  
Preached—"All is vanity."

But when the dying woman's face  
Turned toward him with a wishful gaze,  
He stepp'd to where she lay;  
And kneeling down, bent over her,  
Saying—"I am a minister—  
My sister! let us pray."

And well, withouten book or stole,  
(God's words were printed on his soul)  
Into the dying ear  
He breath'd, as 'twere, an angel's strain,  
The things that unto life pertain,  
And death's dark shadows clear.

He spoke of sinners' lost estate,  
In Christ renewed—regenerate—  
Of God's most blest decree,  
That not a single soul should die  
Who turns repentant, with the cry  
"Be merciful to me!"

He spoke of trouble, pain, and toil,  
Endured but for a little while  
In patience—faith—and love—  
Sure, in God's own good time, to be  
Exchanged for an eternity  
Of happiness above.

Then—as the spirit ebb'd away—  
He raised his hands and eyes, to pray  
That peaceful it might pass;  
And then—the orphans' sobs alone  
Were heard, as they knelt every one  
Close round on the green grass.

Such was the sight their wond'ring eyes  
Beheld, in heart-struck, mute surprise,  
Who rein'd their coursers back,  
Just as they found the long astray,  
Who, in the heat of chase that day,  
Had wander'd from their track.

Back each man rein'd his pawing steed,  
And lighted down, as if agreed,  
In silence at his side;

And there, uncovered all, they stood—  
It was a wholesome sight and good  
That day for mortal pride—

For of the noblest of the land  
Was that deep-hush'd, bare-headed band;  
And central in the ring,

By that dead pauper on the ground,  
Her ragged orphans clinging round,  
Kneelt their anointed King.

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

### New Books.

#### SKETCHES IN THE PYRENEES.

*By the Author of the Gossip's Week.*

[ALL who remember the gay and sparkling pages of the *Gossip's Week*, transferred to our columns, will expect a charming treat in the present work; and such, we augur, they will enjoy. The style throughout is lively, and, as becomes a book of travels, jaunty; the sketches of scenery and manners are gracefully drawn, the writer having alike a nice appreciation of the picturesque in nature, the admirable in art, and the amiable in human character. The descriptions come trippingly from the author's pen, and in graphic vigour and expressive effect they rival the more laboured efforts of the pencil of the artist. There is besides a tone of cheerfulness and gaiety of heart—a rivulet of thought and feeling—running through these pages which it is perfectly delightful to witness; besides a willingness to find “good in every thing” which must put the grumbling tourist to shame of his ingratitude for our “splendid world.” The scenery of the Pyrenees—their cloud-capped heights and romantic haunts—is, to quote the author “of ineffable beauty;” and happily indeed has its joyous inspiration been here caught. Legend, anecdote, and lively incident make up the lights and shadows of our tourist's records, to whose fancy nothing is barren. To stay-at-home travellers, or the excursionist to the Pyrenees these volumes must prove a glittering treasure: the region is comparatively new, or rather it is, at this moment *à la mode*; for fashion is now spreading its mealy wings to enjoy the mountain air, the fantastic summits, and splendid amphitheatric valleys of this district. Besides the information respecting the Pyrenees, this work contains some clever and entertaining remarks upon the luxuriant country of Langue doc, Provence, and the Cornice, *en route* to the mountain paradise. Our extracts are principally from this portion of the tour and sojourn. Of provincial customs, by the way,

(always acceptable to the readers of the *Mirror*,) we find some pleasant sprinklings, *e. g.*]

#### Religious Procession.

As we entered Rambouillet, the bells were tolling in a procession of children attired, as for their first communion, in all the coquetry of toilette which virgin white and flowers admitted of,—veils floating, sashes streaming, and red hands clasping the prayer-book, and contriving to grasp the well-starched handkerchief at the same time. Before the children walked two priests, chaunting in the deep cathedral base; behind, two others blowing through the deeper-toned bassoon, whose grave and gradual swell came on the ear with a solemn and almost threatening sound, that strengthened into something judicial and condemnatory as it approached. I never hear this peculiar chaunt without thinking of the gone-by times, when nuns were buried, and heretics burned alive,—a dark association, but soon dispelled by the innocent faces of the children, and the bustling piety of their anxious friends.

#### The Eve of St. John.

Every house from Ruffec to Angoulême is garnished with green boughs in honour of St. John. There is no saint in the calendar whose fête is kept with such sweet and simple testimonials, as those which custom has consecrated to the eve of St. John,—the patron of shepherds, the particular saint of the valleys and the hills; he who preached in the desert, whose raiment was of camel's hair, and his meat locusts and wild honey. I would not tell to every one all that I think of when I hear the canticle of St. Ambrosius sung by the shepherds; and see the bonfires on the mountains, or along the still sea-shore, and look at the children dancing round them, and the flames blazing or dying on the sky, or scattering their uncertain fire from some lonesome strand in stars upon the summer's evening sea. The boughs and nosegays, too, tied up in the form of a cross and hung upon the doors to keep the witches out, have something innocent and believing in them that delights my heart; and so do the rustic gatherings—more frequent on this night than on any other of the year, where piety is cheerful, and the young spirit of festivity remembers in the midst of its enjoyment that it is a holy eve,—the vigil of his birth who came to bear record.

#### Fête-Dieu at Cavignac.

Arrived at Cavignac (a village and a post) in the midst of the fête-dieu. Streets strewed with rushes, large nosegays of the showiest flowers, arranged in the form of a cross and attached to every door, reposoirs at decent intervals, and the whole population in movement. As the *grand reposoir* was erected in front of

the post-house, we had a full view of the solemnity; and if it lacked the measured pomp and lofty ceremonial which wealth and power confer on the same right at Paris, the deficiency was more than compensated by the spirit and originality of the picture.

First came the devout women of the village, with stern and reproving countenances; and over their heads shawls so disposed, as to take the fold which the old painters give to the veil of the Madonna. At each side of these holy personages moved a confused crowd of female peasants, each with a very white and very wide cap; on the front of which a handkerchief, largely folded and of the most glowing colours, was laid flatly, so as to advance from the forehead and throw a shade on the face. As the procession approached the reposoir, all knelt down, the women forming a crescent at each side, and spreading the ground with their ample garments of yellow, dark green, deep azure, and that full, matchless red which so brightly vivifies the dress of the French peasant.

At the other side were the men, more closely grouped, old ones chiefly and bald, with clasped hands and believing countenances; simple and pious rustics, whose hearty faith was, I thought, more edifying than the conventional drone of the officiating priests. But the women were the rich bits of the picture, kneeling with their tanned hands clasped together, and their dark, and sometimes, very striking faces inclined downwards under the shade of the folded handkerchief. One very young girl, sunned into a rich copper colour, but with fine expressive features, and a grave devotional air that contrasted singularly with her slim and childish figure, was the very Egyptian Mary of Carravagio. Altogether, the lights and shadows, grouping and effect, were admirable.

But here ended the picture, and the interest; all the rest was profanely paltry. An old man, with two dustman's bells, out of which he struck most inappropriate music, preceded the standard of the cross; two children followed, dressed like mummers, one holding a toilet pincushion,—though dishevelled,—and otherwise arranged, to image Mary Magdalene; the other, a trumpety glass box, with a sixpenny nativity in wax in it, but evidently, by a fragment of sheepskin peeping from the shoulders and a distracted desert wave given to the hair, himself the representative of the Baptist. Then came a rabble of boys, some in dirty surplices, others bare-footed, regulated by a young priest more noisy even than his flock; and inclosing the whole, a double file of patches in their working jackets, with rusty fire-locks on their shoulders. The commander of the faithful alone wore an uniform, and flourished his sword in the teeth of his ragged regiment; the chief magistrate wore a sword also, and a

tri-coloured scarf, in which last fashion he was followed by his adjunct, who, being a proper Sancho Panza and sorely encumbered with flesh, could not conveniently kneel, so squatted down on a mound in front of the more supple pietists, like a Mandarin on the lid of a tea-pot.

As to the troops, they had quite enough to do to take care of their fire-locks and personal safety, without thinking of their devotions; but the commander was edifying. When the ceremony was over, and the Egyptian Marys and Elizabeths, with the women of Endor—for there was more than one witch amongst them—had disappeared; the mistress of the poste and her handmaids, set about stripping the reposoir; and the lady, selecting three of the most effective bouquets presented them to us with a Parisian slope of the body, observing that they had been blessed,—“*et cela embellit toujours.*”

#### *Village Wedding.*

A wedding at Béarn is sometimes two or three days of merriment to the neighbours of the bride-folks, who keep a sort of open house during that time, eating all day, dancing all night, and flinging away their hard earnings as if they had not worked for them. To the dinner each guest brings an offering,—one a turkey, another a duck, a third a joint of meat, to which the bride-folks add bread, wine, lights, music, and the galette;\* the wedded pair parade the village with a fidler scraping before them, and their friends following two by two,—the bride usually doing the dismal, and the bridegroom too sometimes. The former decorates her hair—that is if she dares—with the blue flower of the periwinkle; but as it is here considered as the symbol of purity, there are some who, in the bustle of the morning toilette, remember to forget it.

I wish I could tell of the beautiful wedding which a lady of this country described to me with such graphic touches, that I feel ashamed of not remembering the curious ceremonial. I recollect, however, that the bride was demanded by *ambassadeurs*, as the bridegroom's messengers were styled, and did not appear at the first bidding; but descended at last like Sara, the daughter of Raguel, from the upper chamber. Grain, eggs, and I think apples, were carried before her in the nuptial procession, probably as emblematic of fruitfulness and plenty; and there was something about the mystical number nine, the bearing of which I have now forgotten. Various ceremonies peculiar to the country preceded the sacred ritual; but they have melted into the general picture, which comes to me like a Paul Veronese, with the crimson satin damask stomachers and capulets lined with the same, the gold and silver trimmings and rich stand-on-end petticoats of the bride and her sister,

\* A Cake.

(wealthy peasants of the valley of Ossau,) set off by the grave garments of the matrons, as the gorgeous robes of the great painter are by the dark curtain, or sober velvet of the table covering.

#### THE LETTERS OF CHARLES LAMB.

(Continued from page 93.)

*Lamb and Munden.*

IN the year 1824, one of Lamb's last ties to the theatre, as a scene of present enjoyment, was severed. Munden, the rich peculiarities of whose acting he has embalmed in one of the choicest "Essays of Elia," quitted the stage in the mellowness of his powers. His relish for Munden's acting was almost a new sense: he did not compare him with the old comedians, as having common qualities with them, but regarded him as altogether of a different and original style. On the last night of his appearance, Lamb was very desirous to attend, but every place in the boxes had long been secured; and Lamb was not strong enough to stand the tremendous rush, by enduring which, alone, he could hope to obtain a place in the pit; when Munden's gratitude for his exquisite praise anticipated his wish, by providing for him and Miss Lamb places in a corner of the orchestra, close to the stage. The play of the "Poor Gentleman," in which Munden played "Sir Robert Bramble," had concluded, and the audience were impatiently waiting for the farce, in which the great comedian was to delight them for the last time, when my attention was suddenly called to Lamb by Miss Kelly, who sat with my party far withdrawn into the obscurity of one of the upper boxes, but overlooking the radiant hollow which waved below us, to our friend. In his hand, directly beneath the line of stage lights, glistened a huge porter pot, which he was draining; while the broad face of old Munden was seen thrust out from the door by which the musicians enter, watching the close of the draught, when he might receive and hide the portentous beaker from the gaze of the admiring neighbours. Some unknown benefactor had sent four pots of stout to keep up the veteran's heart during his last trial; and, not able to drink them all, he bethought him of Lamb, and without considering the wonder which would be excited in the brilliant crowd who surrounded him, conveyed himself the cordial chalice to Lamb's parched lips. At the end of the same farce, Munden found himself unable to deliver from memory a short and elegant address which one of his sons had written for him; but, provided against accidents, took it from his pocket, wiped his eyes, put on his spectacles, read it, and made his last bow. This was, perhaps, the last night when Lamb took a hearty interest in the present business scene; for though he went now and then to the thea-

tre to gratify Miss Isola, or to please an author who was his friend, his real stage henceforth only spread itself out in the selectest chambers of his memory.

#### *Letter-writing.*

"You may know my letters by the paper and the folding. For the former, I live on scraps obtained in charity from an old friend whose stationary is a permanent perquisite; for folding, I shall do it neatly when I learn to tie my neckcloths. I surprise most of my friends, by writing to them on ruled paper, as if I had not got past pot-hooks and hangers. Sealing wax, I have none on my establishment; wafers of the coarsest bran supply its place. *When my epistles come to be weighed with Pliny's, however superior to the Roman in delicate irony, judicious reflections, &c., his gilt post would bribe over the judges to him.* All the time I was at the India House I never mended a pen; I now cut them to the stumps, marring rather than mending the primitive goose quill. I cannot bear to pay for articles I used to get for nothing. (When Adam laid out his first penny upon nonpareils at some stall in Mesopotamia, I think it went hard with him, reflecting upon his old goodly orchard, where he had so many for nothing.) When I write to a great man at the court end, he opens with surprise upon a naked note, such as Whitechapel people interchange, with no sweet degrees of envelope. I never inclosed one bit of paper in another, nor understood the rationale of it. Once only I sealed with borrowed wax, to set Sir Walter Scott a wondering, impressed with the imperial quartered arms of England, which my friend Field bears in compliment to his descent, in the female line, from Oliver Cromwell. It must have set his antiquarian curiosity upon watering."

#### *The Gatherr.*

*Too Late.*—A country servant once by untoward delay put a whole house into a terrible fright, and the silly fellow might have met with a serious injury himself. One day, his mistress sent him to a neighbour's, about two miles distant, with her compliments, to inquire for the lady of the house, who had very recently been confined. The sof, however, could not pass a hamlet that lay in his way without indulging his favourite propensity of paying his respects to the public-house. When a drunkard loses his senses he is sure to lose his time. The first he may recover, but never the last. When he came to himself, he bethought him of his errand; but was, perhaps, totally unconscious of the time lost, and had not quite sufficient senses to make inquiry; and the stars he never contemplated; there were always so many more than he could count. But to my neighbour's

gate he found his way. He knocked, he beat, he rang, and he halloed—for now he did not like to waste time—and it was two o'clock in the morning. The inmates were all in confusion. "Thieves! fire!" was the general cry. Some ran about half clad—some looked out of window—dogs barked, and women howled. The master took his blunderbuss, opened the window, and called out stoutly, "Who's there! who's there!" Trinculo answered, but not very intelligibly. At last the master of the house dresses, unbolts and unbars his doors, and with one or two men-servants behind, boldly walks down the long-path to the gate. "What's the matter—who are you?" Trinculo stammers out, "My master and mistress's compliments, and be glad to know how Mrs. — and her baby is."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

What is the fate of the miner who digs the diamond from the well in darkness, in abstraction from this breathing world and all its beauty, as if his God had meant him, like the mole, to be inhumed alive? When that diamond blazes on the breast of vanity, is it worth such purchases?—*New York Mirror.*

Excess of ceremony shows want of breeding; that civility is best, which excludes all superfluous formality.—*Ibid.*

What is the love of restless roving man? A vagrant stream, that dallies with each flower on its bank, then passes on and leaves them all in tears.—*Ibid.*

Some connoisseurs would give a hundred pounds for the painted head of a beggar, who would threaten the living mendicant with the stocks.—*Ibid.*

*Anatomy.*—Every early anatomist was left far behind by Vesalius, who published at Basle, in 1543, his great work *De Corporis Humani Fabrica*. The love of science seems to have engaged him and his fellow-students in strange scenes of adventure. "Those services," says Mr. Hallam, "which have since been thrown on the refuse of mankind, they voluntarily undertook;

"Entire affection scorneth nicer hands."

They prowled by night in charnel houses, they dug up the dead from the grave, and climbed the gibbet, in fear and silence, to steal the mouldering carcass of the murderer.—The fate of Vesalius himself was lamentable:—"Being absurdly accused of having dissected a Spanish gentleman before he was dead, he escaped capital punishment at the instance of the Inquisition, only by undertaking a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, during which he was shipwrecked, and died of famine in one of the Greek islands."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

*Sierra Leone Militia.*—The negroes abhor our broad cloths, our caps, belts, and all the paraphernalia of regular soldiery. But, whether in India, Africa, or the West Indies,

we button up, tie down, brace and belt men, to whom nakedness is second nature, and this too in climates where the human skin seems almost too much to carry. But this is all according to the law of the Horse Guards; and the etiquette of the temperate zone establishes the absurdity at the line. But the happier race beyond the law of the Horse Guards are in all their original delight.—*Rankin.*

*Poison of the Yew Tree.*—Nine two-year-old heifers were lately poisoned at South Carr, in Derbyshire, by eating the loppings of a yew-tree which had been left in the field where they were grazing.—*Derby Mercury.*

*An American's Description of a Teetotaler.*—I once travelled through all the States of Maine with one of them as chaps. He was as thin as a whippin post. His skin looked like a blown bladder after some of the air has leaked out, kinder wrinkled and rumpled like, and his eyes as dim as a lamp that's livin on a short allowance of ile. He put me in mind of a pair of kitchen tongs, all legs, shaft, and head, and no belly: real gander gutted looking critter, as holler as a bamboo walking cane, and twice as yaller. He actilly looked as if he had been picked off a rack at sea, and dragged through a gimlet hole. He was a lawer. Thinks I, the Lord a massy on your clients, you hungry, half-starved looking critter you, you'll eat 'em up alive. You are just the chap to strain at a knat and swallow a camel, tank, shank, and flank, all at a gulp.—*Sam Slick.*

*Carrying Wheat.*—An experimental farmer, renting two large farms between Watford and Rickmansworth, has ascertained, after a series of years' experience, that the best way to secure good and dry wheat is to carry it immediately the men have reaped it. The gentleman alluded to invariably does this, and makes more of his wheat than any other farmer, by at least 3s. per load, (five bushels).—*Derby Reporter.*

By a recent Act, the bricks, wood, and other materials used in building places of worship of all denominations are exempt from duty.

*Dahlias.*—Have any of our readers been able to raise a light blue dahlia? That is the horticultural prize most sought after. Decandolle, we believe, said it never could be found.—*Edinburgh Review.*

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